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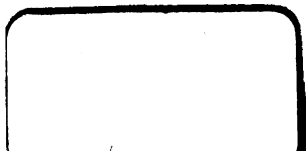
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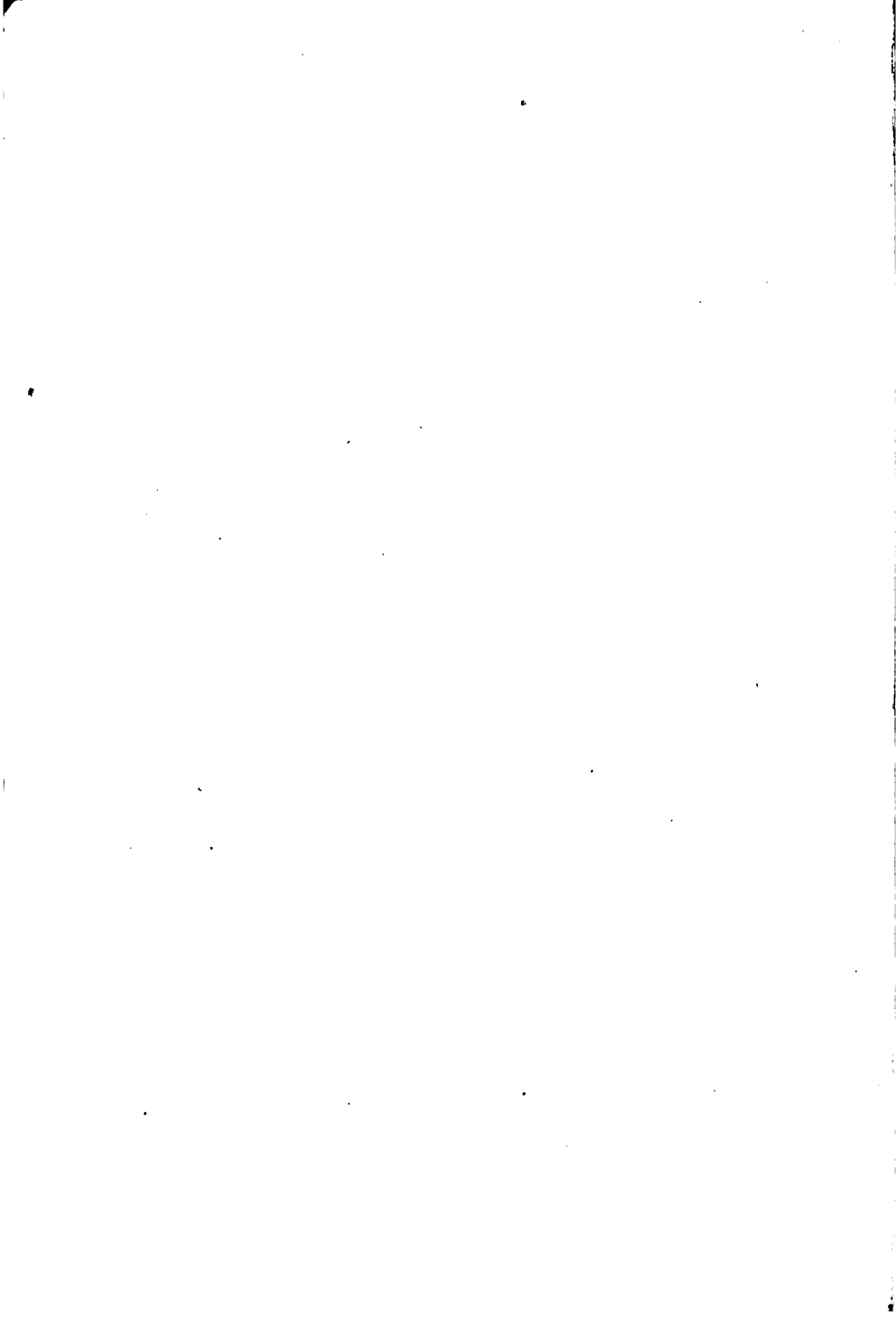
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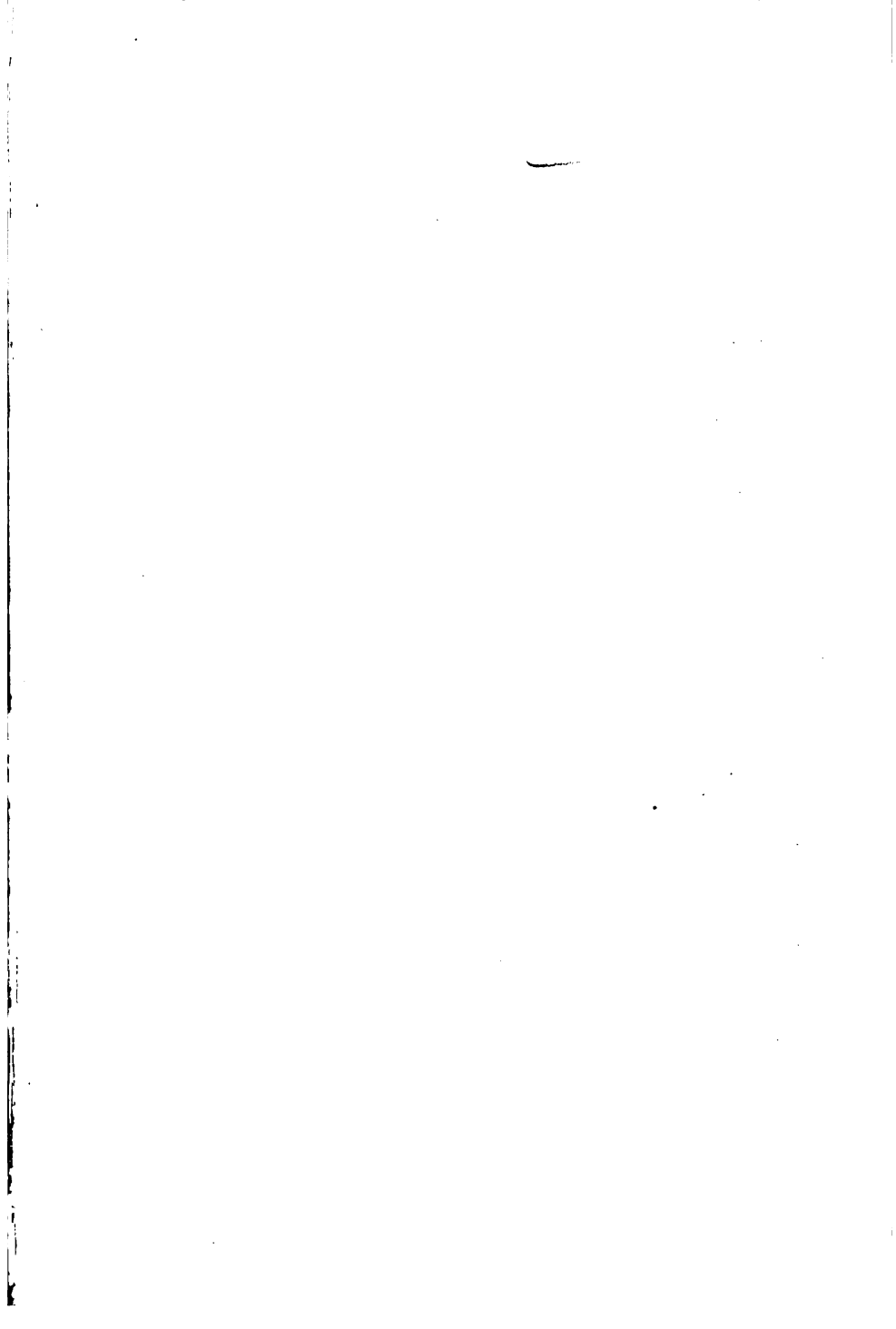


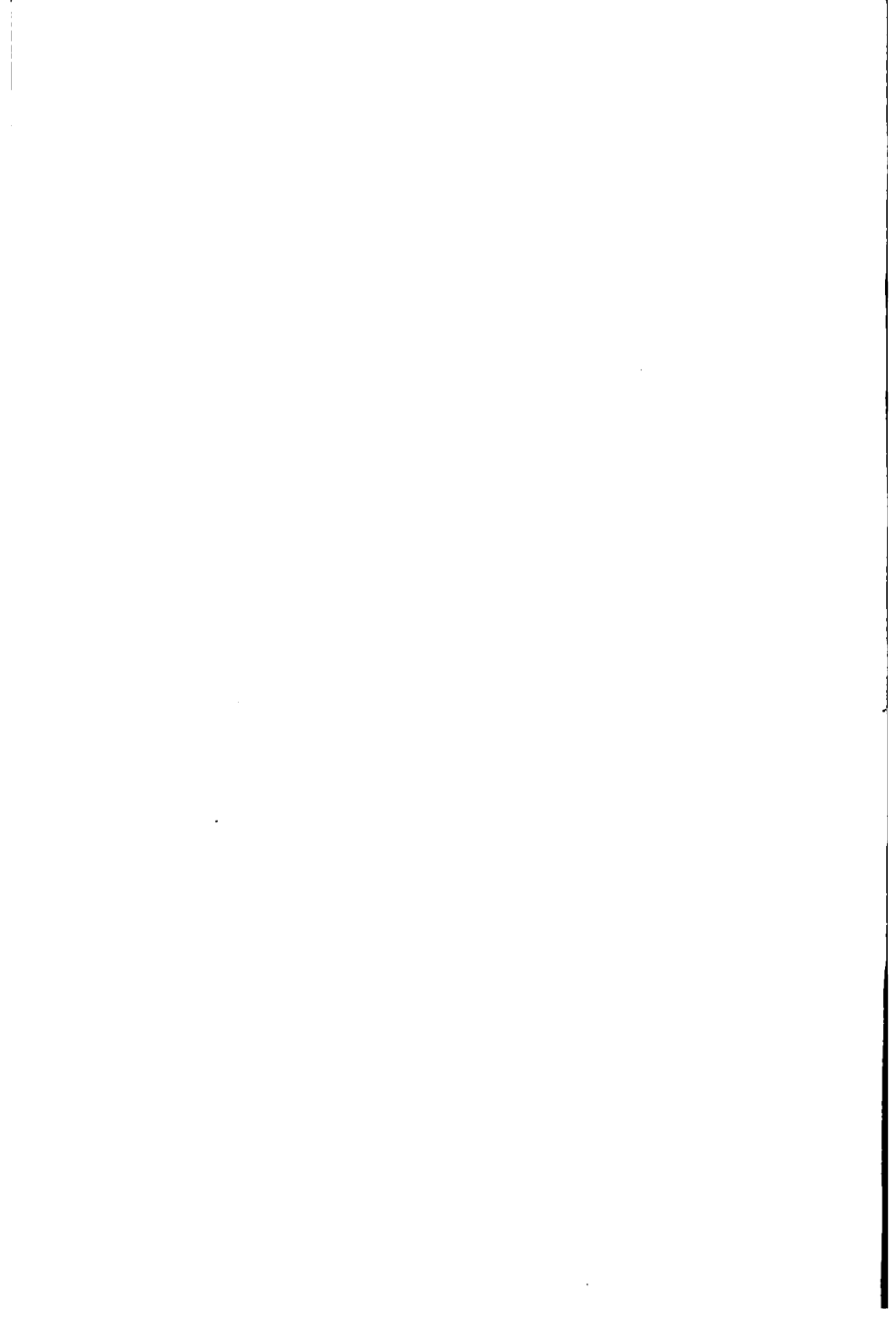
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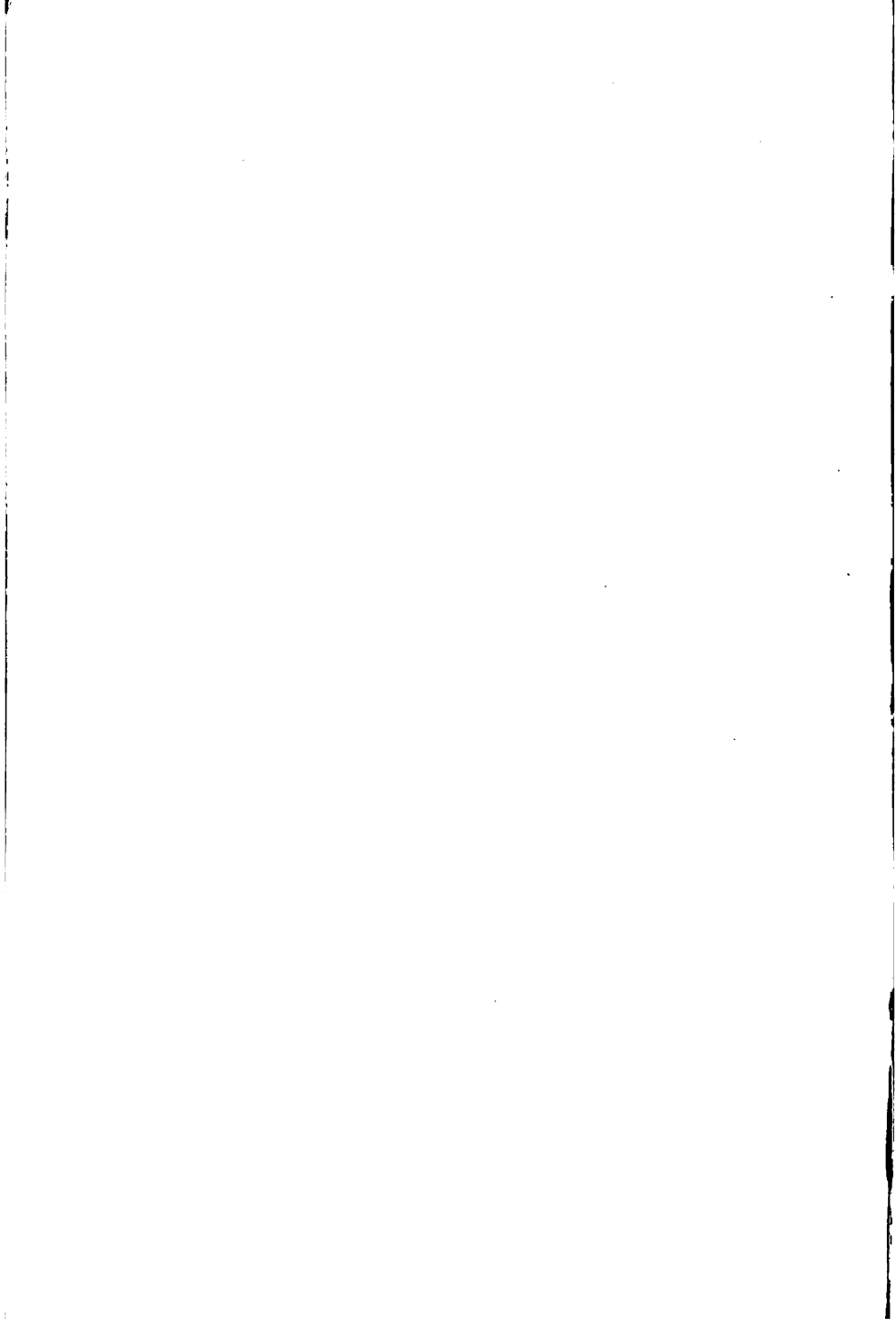
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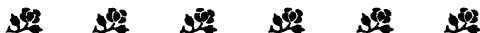




STAR-GLOW & SONG



STAR-GLOW
and SONG



CHARLES BUXTON GOING



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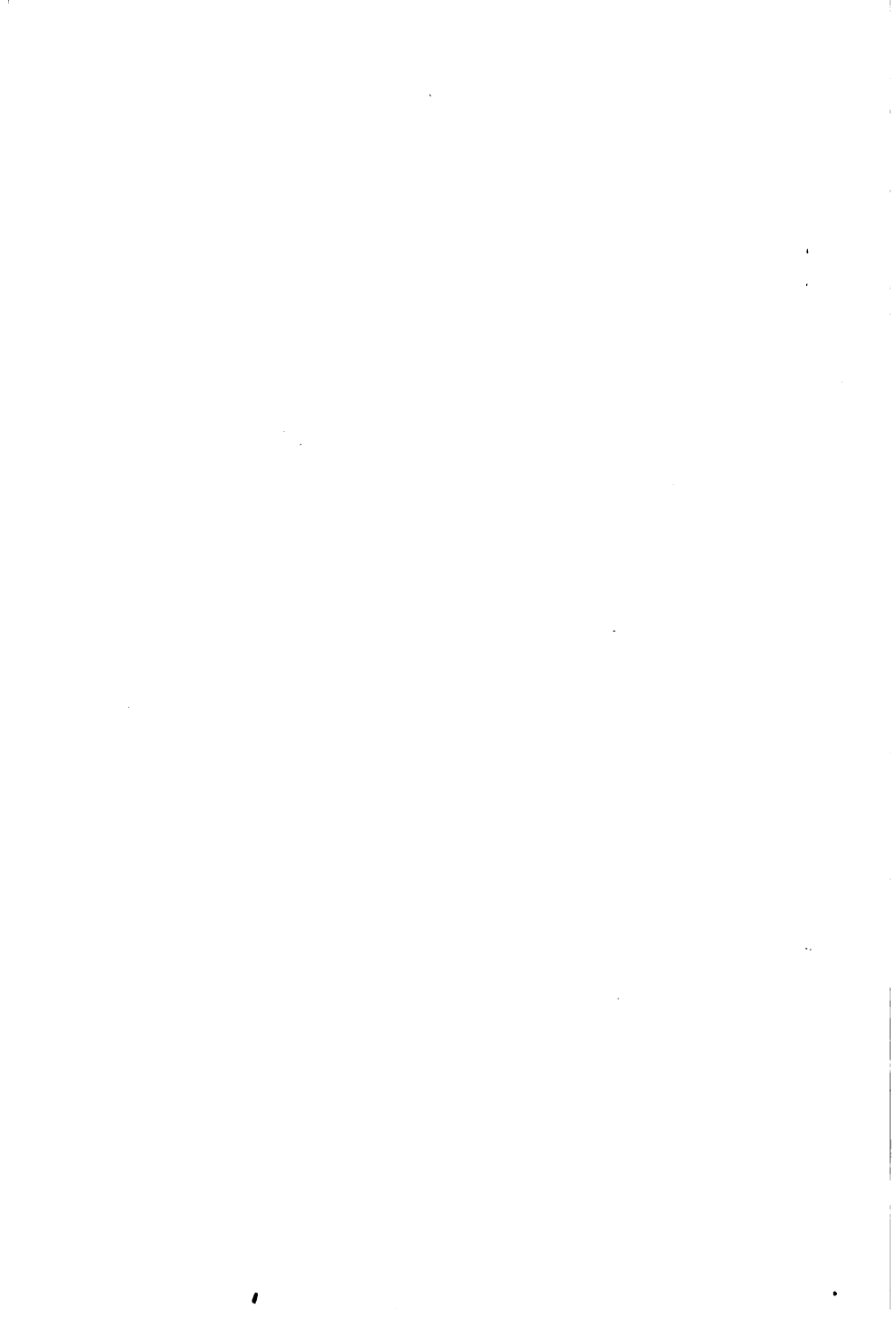
*Could any little lamp, though lifted high,
Lighten the void abysses of the sky?*

*Could a faint rose-leaf, blown into the sea,
Perfume the oceans of immensity?*

*Could one chord sound in melody so far
That all space echoed, to the farthest star?*

*And yet your soul, amid the infinite,
Makes all a fragrant harmony of light!*

Hayden & Mrs. C. P. 109 & 108





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PART I

JOAN OF ARC AT DOMREMY

LORD CHRIST, if I might serve
Thee in my heart

Within some convent close, whose
quiet walls

Enfold a garden—there with Thee apart
To walk in holiness, where sunlight
falls

And birds sing through the arbors all
the day!

Or, if this may not be, then in my
room

Warded by angels, might I hide away
And glad and silent, with my wheel
and loom

JOAN OF ARC AT DOMRÉMY

In toil and meditation, maidenly,
With prayer and fasting, make my
soul so white
The Blessed Virgin might reach forth
to me
Her arms that cradled Thee! Lord,
if I might!

But ah, the visions and the voices, Lord!
Thy heaven is all a flashing of white
fire,
And every angel bears a flaming sword
Calling me forth. . . . Lord, if at Thy
desire

I must put by the distaff and the wheel,
I am Thy handmaid. . . . Make me
unto France
A heart of adamant and edge of steel
Like Deborah of old. Cry the advance!

JOAN OF ARC AT DOMRÉMY

Yet be Thou near, in this Thy way I
take—

For look, dear God! Across it falls
the shame,

The shadow of the scaffold and the
stake,

And in my flesh the writhing of the
flame!

COLUMBUS

THE night air brings strange whis-
perings—vague scents—
Over the unknown ocean, which his
dreams
Had spanned with visions of new con-
tinents;
Fragrance of clove and cedar, and
the balms
With which the heavy tropic forest
teems,
And murmur as of wind among
the palms.

16

STAR-GLOW
& *SONG*

COLUMBUS

They breathe across the high deck where
he stands

With far-set eyes, as one who dreams
awake

Waiting sure dawn of undiscovered
lands;

Till, on the slow lift of the purple
swells,

The golden radiances of morning
break

Lighting the emblazoned sails of
caravels.

Then from the foremost sounds a sud-
den cry—

The Old World's startled greeting to
the New—

For lo! the land, across the western
sky!

COLUMBUS

The exultant land! Oh, long-starved
hopes, black fears,
Gibings of courtiers, mutinies of
crew—

Answered forever, as that shore
appears!

Great Master Dreamer! Grander than
Cathay,
Richer than India, that new Western
World
Shall flourish when Castile has passed
away.

Not even thy gigantic vision
spanned
Its future, as with Cross and flag
unfurled
Thy deep Te Deum sounded on the
strand.

COLUMBUS

By this small outpost of the unbounded
shore—

This small, bright island, slumbering
in the sea,—

A long, resistless tide of life shall pour;
Loosed from its long-worn fetters,
joyous, free,

Leaping to heights none ever touched
before

And hurrying on to greater things
to be.

The end is larger than thy largest plan;
Nobler than golden fleets of argosies
The land and life new-opening to man.

Within the womb of this mysterious
morn

Quicken vast cities, mighty destinies,
Ideals and empires, waiting to be
born.

COLUMBUS

But yet—there are but three small
caravels,
 Wrapped in the magic radiance of
 the seas,
Slow - moved, slow heaving on low-
bosomed swells.

THE ABANDONED FARM

SO—am I spent? Can I bring no
more to birth?

Worn and weary with bearing to
your begetting

My face is furrowed and scarred and
my breasts are dearth—

Barren, dry, and only fit for for-
getting.

Of all that my body bore ye have left
me none;

None ye laid on my breast that I
might hold them—

(Yea, and me, too, have ye sold to each
passing one!)

Year by year ye snatched them away
and sold them.

THE ABANDONED FARM

The little lives! They were mine when
they were weak,
Stirring beneath my heart that gave
them cover.

But ye tore them all from my arms;
now my head is bleak
And my bosom shrinks in the snow.
Go to your lover!

Is she young, this bride of your age?
Is she strong and fair
To cherish you as the Shunamite?
Yet after,
Her heart is wild and her blood is hot—
have care
Lest her new-found smile but turn
to a harlot's laughter!

GRAY ERIN

THERE'S no bloom on the heather,
There's no flower on the furze;
They're whispering and crying together
Whenever the wet wind stirs.

The fire on the hearth is failing
And night is a fearsome thing,
For the wind creeps through it, wailing,
And there's none to bid it sing.

There's dun mist on the moor
And gray mist on the sea;
There's darkness in my door,
For ye cannot come to me!

AT A WAYSIDE SHRINE

OH, Holy Mary, Mother of our Lord,
Who in thine own heart felt the
stabbing sword,
Is there no grace thy pity can afford?

Thou who hast suffered, since thou, too,
hast borne,
In thine own flesh felt scourge, and
nail, and thorn—
Not e'en thy sacred heart like mine was
torn.

Jesus, thy son, once carried in thy side—
Didst thou not swoon when He was
crucified?
Yet as our Blessed Sacrifice He died,

AT A WAYSIDE SHRINE

But this my son—my François—day
by day
Forgets his God, and sins his life away
With hell beyond— Mother! to thee I
pray!

Not his the guilt—it was some fault in
me
Drawn from my breast; mine let the
burden be—
Mine all the pain, but let my son go
free!

Grant thou the prayer I make before
thy shrine,
Oh, Holy Mary, Mother most divine—
Grant thou my prayer, and be all glory
thine!

THE SONG OF STEEL

YEA, art thou lord, oh Man, since
Tubal Cain
Brought me to being, white and torn
with pain—
Wrung me, in fierce, hot agony of birth
Writhing from out the womb of Mother
Earth?

Art thou, then, king, and did I make
thee lord,
Clothe thee in mail and gird thee with
the sword,
Give thee the plough, the axe, the whir-
ring wheel—
To every subtle craft its tools of steel?

THE SONG OF STEEL

Look! We have slain the forests, thou
and I—
Soiled the bright streams and murked
the very sky;
Crushed the glad hills, and shocked the
quiet stars
With roaring factories and clanging cars!

Thou builder of machines, who dost not
see!
That which thou mad'st to drive, is
driving thee—
Ravening, tireless, pitiless its strain
For thy last ounce of work from hand
and brain.

Are thy sons princes? Hard-wrung
serfs! They give
Toil's utmost dregs for the bare chance
to live;

THE SONG OF STEEL

They dig and delve and strive with
sweat-cursed brow
In forge and shop. *Master?* Nay!
thrall art thou!

Fool! Serving, I have slaved thee.
Master Fool!
To forge the sword, nor know the sword
should rule;
To make the engine, blind that it must
lead
Fast and yet faster on the race of greed.

I, Steel, am King—thy king in more
than name!
Lo, I am Moloch, crowned and throned
in flame,
Holding thee slave by lust of thy desire—
Calling thy first-born to me through
the fire!

FOURSCORE

HIS body, warped and brown and
thin,
Is like some quaint old violin,

Played till it bears the lasting trace
Of the dead player's hand and face—

Played to old airs of love and pain
Till it has broken with the strain.

But even yet, when some one brings
A master-touch, the poor, worn strings

Wake, from his heart of bygone years,
A music that is blind with tears.

A HARBINGER OF SPRING

HE is so old, so threadbare—and his
coat
Gapes, feebly pinned around the gaunt,
gray throat
While bleak as gusty March, shuffling
and bowed,
He cries his pussy-willows through the
crowd.

Poor little scions from the country-
side
His aching fingers must have plucked
and tied,
Yet prophets of new hope, while in his
eyes
The only hope is—just that some one
buys.

A HARBINGER OF SPRING

Sweet prophets, they, of sun and birth
and song
That, in his heart, have all been dead
so long!
A wintry wreck, an age-worn, weary
thing
Bearing the very signs of youth and
Spring!

THE PIONEER

WHERE once the ancient hemlock
forest stood
Tracked by the panther and the
roving bear,
A clearing spreads, still margined by
the wood,
And he lies there.

Upon the land he cleared he lies asleep—
Lonely and sturdy as in life, he
lies
On a great hilltop, where the west
winds leap
Straight from the skies.

THE PIONEER

Watched by the stars from sunset till
the day,
Flooded with sun from dawn till
twilight falls,
And guarded by the hills, that stretch
away
Like purple walls.

Here, where no flowers by human hands
were strewed,
The wind and rain that mourned
around his bier
Bring simple flowers of the field and
wood
To bloom all year.

The brown earth warms above him in
the Spring
Starred with white wind-flowers; seed
and bud put forth

THE PIONEER

To seize the robe of Summer, whispering
Back to the north.

The clustering ferns are shot with golden light
When through the trees the flickering sunlight falls;
And, answering to the voice of winds, by night
The river calls.

The hemlocks of the ancient wood are gone—
Gone with the stealthy panther and the bear;
And he whose work subdued them slumbers on
Unseeing there.

THE PIONEER

Unmoved by all the silence of the stars,
The cry of winds, the first sweet
yearning breath
Of Spring—but yet, his narrowed life
had bars
As close as death.

Hardship and toil weighed on him, stern
and grim;
The year was marked by Winter's
dread return;
The forest was an enemy to him,
To fell, and burn.

And eyes that ever look on want and
pain
By their own fireside, grow too dim
to rise
And see the hilltops glorious after rain
Against the skies.

THE PIONEER

The forest waked in him no artist
mood—

He heard no mystic voices in its call;
It meant a scant and toil-won liveli-
hood—

And that was all.

So still, above the ever-darkened eyes,
The deaf ears, and the lips that were
so mute,

Moves the strange glory of the light-
filled skies;

The wind's low flute

Sighs into slumber; close around him
press

The violet and the bellwort, cluster-
ing deep,

As if, at last, Earth's arms in tenderness
Held him, asleep.

THE TRUE STORY OF SKIPPER IRESON

*HERE'S Flood Ireson, for his hard heart
Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!*
—Old Song.

I

OUT of the fog and the gloom,
Chased by the lift of the sea,
Dripping with spindrift and spume
Races the *Betty*, free.
Hold full of cod to the planks,
Staggering under her spread—
Never such luck from the banks
Sailed into Marblehead!

STORY OF SKIPPER IRESON

Full—keep her full! Drown her rail—
Lee decks awash to the hatch!
While the rest ride out the gale,
Flood Ireson's home with his catch!
Cape Cod abeam to the south'ard—
Up sprang the skipper on deck:
What was that hail the wind smothered?
“Wreck, O—to port, there—a wreck!”

Logged, and awash in the sea,
Ready to sink by the head—
“Looks like the *Active* to me—
Stand by those head sheets!” he
said;
“Keep your helm up all you can—
We'll round-to and bring her to
weather—
Keep her away, I said, man!
Are you all mad there together?

STORY OF SKIPPER IRESON

“God, men!—” He stopped on the
word,

Sullen his crew stood, and grim;
Never a man of them stirred,
Save as if guarding from him
Halyard and sheet; so he stood,
One man against the whole ship—
Skipper? Ay—what was the good?
Greed was the captain this trip!

Order, when none would obey?

Threaten? 'Twas idle, he knew;
Reason? Ay—argue and pray
And plead with a mutinied crew!
“Look at her signals!” he said:—
“Stand by her! Shall it go down
That seamen of old Marblehead
Left sinking shipmates to drown?”

STORY OF SKIPPER IRESON

"Ay!" growled the mate:—"and by
God,

What if a story were told
How the year's best catch of cod

Rotted and spoiled in our hold?
Risk such a catch as we've got?

No! . . . Let them chance it!" said
he:—

"Sink or swim . . . that is the lot
Of all men who follow the sea!"

Heartsick, Flood Ireson sailed past,
Helpless to answer their hail.

Deaf as the shriek of the blast,
Blind as the scud of the gale,

Lee decks awash to the hatch,

Tearing her way through the foam—
Blood of men's lives on her catch,

On drove the *Betty* for home.

STORY OF SKIPPER IRESON

II

The day was cool; white-crested ripples
sung

Along the beach, and all the sky
was clear

When, safe into the quiet harbor,
swung

The *Betty*, gliding smoothly to her
pier.

First of the fleet, and welcome as the
day—

A little fortune in her close-filled
hold—

Why did her crew, then, seem to turn
away

From friendly greetings? Ireson, too,
of old

STORY OF SKIPPER IRESON

Kindly of heart, whose brave words
often cheered

The poor home-comings of an empty
trip—

Why was it he himself had not ap-
peared,

But sent his crew ashore, and kept
his ship?

Then, bit by bit, was forged a black
report;

From mouth to mouth the cruel story
spread,

And murmurs rose—till, sailing into port
Like some accuser risen from the
dead,

The rescued skipper of the *Active* came,
And told the angry gossips of the
town

STORY OF SKIPPER IRESON

How skipper Ireson, to their lasting
shame,
Heedless of signals, left him to go
down.

“Heedless of love of man or laws of God,
Or all the brave old honor of the sea,
He sold us, shipmates, for a mess of
cod—
And Marblehead shall bear the
shame!” said he.

“He left us—and before the *Swallow*
came
Four of my men were washed away.
The dead
Shall haunt your cape, to cry Flood
Ireson shame—
The whole world know the shame of
Marblehead!”

STORY OF SKIPPER IRESON

Then strong men, cursing, swore to
purge the town

Of such dishonor; smarting with
disgrace,

They dragged Flood Ireson, unresisting,
down

And stripped him in the public
market-place.

The rest you know—the tar-and-feather
coat,

The shameful ride they gave him,
dragged with jeers

To Salem village, in a fishing-boat—

The cruel, lying song that lived for
years.

And all he bore, thinking it best the shame
Should cling to one man, though that
man were he,

STORY OF SKIPPER IRESON

If that would save the honorable
name
Of Marblehead, and of her sons at
sea.

III

So Ireson won the day, and no one
hears
His crew's disgrace. Their very
names are lost,
While he has borne the blame through
all these years
And paid the cost.

All they are gone who wronged him—
some asleep
In quiet graveyards, others roving
free

STORY OF SKIPPER IRESON

Till God shall call by name from out
the deep
Those lost at sea.

For that was all a hundred years
ago;
Long is Flood Ireson's rest among
the dead;
But still the fishing-schooners come
and go
At Marblehead.

And those who sailed them have been
true and brave—
Heroes of surf and rescue, storm and
wreck,
Gone, unafraid, to death on shore and
wave
And battle-deck.

STORY OF SKIPPER IRESON

Then let the blood and seas blot out
the wrong
Done long ago; we will not judge
the dead,
But lay our laurel wreath where thorns
pressed long
On Ireson's head.

AUNT EUNICE

UP to her house, Aunt Eunice takes
A clean-cut, graveled walk that
makes

With prim directness, stiff and straight,
From wide front steps to tall front gate.

Between two rows of box it lies,
Each freshly trimmed, austere, precise,
With small green cross-rows that divide
The square-cut beds on either side.

And there, in orderly array, are set
Sweet-peas and pinks, and mignonette
With larkspur, lavender and phlox,
White candytuft, and hollyhocks.

AUNT EUNICE

Beside the gate, which ball and chain
Swing, loudly clicking, back again
When she goes through, two poplars
stand,
Stiff spires of green on either hand.

It has a quaint, old-fashioned air;
And tall Aunt Eunice, standing there
Gray-gowned, gray-haired, serene of face,
Seems all in keeping with the place.

The gaunt old poplars wave and toss,
The old-time scents are blown across—
And there she stands, though grave and
gray,
As straight as when he sailed away.

“Sweetheart,” he said (they both could
see
His ship, hove short, prepared for sea),

AUNT EUNICE

"God's ways are not the ways of men,
And yet, I think to come again—

"I think to come again, and have
The thing you promise; dear, be brave!"
And then they kissed, with eyes all
 wet
For love and grief, and sail was set.

The poplar-trees grew brown and bare;
The moan of wind was in the air;
Where lavender and mignonette
Had bloomed, the autumn rains were
 wet.

But still, by draught-blown candle-
 light
Aunt Eunice took the Book each night
And read the psalm of those who go
To sea in ships, for they do know

AUNT EUNICE

God's wonders in the deep, and see
The haven where they fain would be.
Then she would look across the deep
And say her prayers, and go to sleep.

The hard, white winter wore away;
The fields were greening every day,
And faint forehints of fragrance rose
From beds within the garden close.

And with the summer in the air,
Aunt Eunice grew more warmly fair—
Her sweet eyes sweeter still—for he
Was sailing to her oversea.

.

When brave men yield to death's em-
brace,
Though all uncowed they meet his face,

AUNT EUNICE

The life they give is far more dear
To them, than his who shrieks in fear.

So he—her lover—knowing still
She waited, watched the last boat fill,
And never felt so sweet as then
The love he might not know again.

He saw the last man leave the ship—
Then—oh, Great God!—he felt her
dip

Her bows, and settle:—"Pull away!
Give way, lads, all!" he cried. They
say

With face like Stephen's, glorified,
He went down with his ship, and died.
And that was all that they could
tell

The waiting girl who loved him well.

AUNT EUNICE

I do not know how all the days
She went the old accustomed ways;
None other knew—but she could find
Her way with God, and He was kind.

And so she keeps the quaint old place,
A gentle quiet in her face—
The warmest heart and helpfulest
That ever soothed a soul distressed

Amid the memories that cling
For her, about the end of Spring,
When griefs, too sacred to forget,
Are waked by scent of mignonette.

THE LURE OF THE DESERT

I AM weary of the constant bloom,
The well-groomed orange-groves,
the wealth and boast
Of lush fertility, that crowd for room
Shut in between the mountains and
the coast.

Give me the desert vastness and its skies—
The azure and the lilac and the gold
Of far, enchanted mesas that arise
On huge horizons, where the Earth is
bold

In naked glory. I am tired of fields
Fawning about the feet, fed from the
hand;
Give me the wild-hued plain that never
yields—
The untamed magic of the desert land!

PART II

STAR-GLOW
& *SONG*



THE MASTER

I HAVE lured him with opaline light
And sung him to confident sleep—
And then, in the horror of night,
I have strangled his cry in the deep.

I have purred at his feet on the sand
And whispered, caressing his sail,
Till, far from the sheltering land,
I might drive him to death in the gale.

I have promised him substance and
store
If he gave me his sons and his fleet—
And then, having cozened him sore,
I have flung up his dead at his feet.

THE MASTER

I have trapped him with fog and with
shoal—

Yet, by line and by light and by
sound

He drives, undismayed, to his goal—

He makes me his road the world
round.

He spans me with log and with lead;

He brands me with marks for his
ken—

He buries the tale of his dead,

And turns his ships seaward again!

A SONG OF THE SEA-FOLK

GO, sail your tanks! Who was it
spanned the seas,
Logged them and sounded them, gave
you course and chart?
Hudson, Cook, Franklin—have ye men
like these?
Lord! ye can follow; leading was
our part!

Load in your cargoes—take them where
ye like;
We've taught the fear of God and
law of man
To black, brown, yellow—taught with
shell and pike!
Your flag flies safe where our flag led
the van.

A SONG OF THE SEA-FOLK

Get up your anchors; trim your yards
and go;

But when the capstan's manned, or
sail is furled,

Whose songs d'ye sing? The gray-
backed billows know

Our English chanteys, right around
the world.

Then launch your ships, and take the
open seas.

Man! there's the struggle that no
folk avoids

By coddling coastwise laws and sub-
sidies—

*Ship to ship, mark ye! How d'ye
class at Lloyds?*

HEAD-WINDS

OVER her royals the gray clouds fly;
Fronting her rises the green
head-sea;
Round her, the rim of the circling sky
And the slap of the wave ere it
rushes alee.

Endlessly climbing the hills of the
deep,
Beating them down in a smother of
foam—
But oh, for a following wind, and the
leap
Down the long sea-slopes, running
for home!

LANDLOCKED

O H, for the dull and muffled roar
And the hiss of the breaking
foam,

Where the green wave tumbles along
the shore

With the sea-light in its comb!

Oh, for the breath of the tide-filled
pond

Where the seaweed sways and dips,
And the deep-blue spread of the sea
beyond,

With its far-off sailing ships!

With its sailing ships on their far-off
ways

Where they leave no track behind,

LANDLOCKED

But the shore sinks down in the land-
ward haze

As they run with the free sea-wind;
With their strange sea-folk that have
lived alone

On the wide-rimmed deep swung free,
Till they seem in key with the under-
tone

Of the ceaseless changing sea.

Then sing me, wind, of the wild sea-
songs

Till I scent the salt, salt spray,
For my soul is parched and athirst,
and longs

For the sound of the surf to-day.
But I know I shall see, if I lift my eyes,
Close round upon every hand,
The glare of the brass-hued prairie skies
And the sun-scorched, dead-grass land.

OUTWARD BOUND

OH, the throb of the screw and the
beat of the screw,
And the swing of the ship as she finds
the sea!

Oh, the haze of the land as it sinks
from view—

The land that is dear, since it harbors
you!

The land holds you, and the ship
takes me.

Oh, the swing of the ship and the heave
of the ship,

And the race of the foam as it slides
astern!

OUTWARD BOUND

Oh, the mist of the eyes and the quivering lip,
And the tearing of heartstrings, as sea-miles slip—
The long, long miles, ere the ship return!

Oh, the toss of the sea and the moan of the sea,
The widening sea as the great ship drives!
The greed of the miles between you and me—
The pitiless greed of the ravening sea,
That eats up the years of our hungering lives!

SAILED

HER eyes are fixed on the village
street,
And his on the sky-girt sea—
But oh, her heart leaps after his ship
And his at home would be!

But he must fight with the strangling
gale
Or run with the singing breeze,
While she sits, hiding a hungered love
And dreading the empty seas.

THE WIND OF THE ATLANTIC

GAUNT old shepherd, hoary with
brine,
Shouldering the mist on the high
moors of heather,
Shouting, surf-loud, through the forest
of pine—

Gray are thy cloud herds, huddled to
lee;
Grim is thy piping, keyed to rough
weather—
Wild as the crying of birds of the sea!

SONG OF THE CHANGING SEA

OH, the dim sea, the grim sea,
Where the dark fog lies, and
the east wind cries,
And the wheeling sea-gulls play;
Oh, the weary sea, and the dreary sea,
That carries my ship away!

Oh, the still sea, the chill sea!
Dull surge on surge to the utmost
verge
By the gray skies overspanned.
Oh, the heaving sea, the cleaving sea,
That separates land from land!

SONG OF THE CHANGING SEA

Oh, the blue sea, the true sea,
 With its long, long crests like the
 sea-gulls' breasts
 And the wind-tracks veined with
 foam!
Oh, the long sea, and the strong sea
 That hurries my good ship home!

VOICES OF THE SKY

AFTER the sun, the twilight; and
after the dusk, the night;
And then, through the silent sky where
the moon moves still and white,
The under-voices of Earth steal up to
the utmost height.

First is a voice of striving—the cry of
a giant, bound,
Trampling and straining his fetters,
with low, half-articulate sound;
That is the cry of the city—the sob of
the stifled ground.

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VOICES OF THE SKY

The second is eerie and yearning; it
rises in fulness, and thrills—
Then melts into murmuring echoes, and
whispers to silence, and stills;
That is the cry of the forest—the call
of the tree-girt hills.

The third is resounding in power—the
deepest, most full of the three;
It chants, in the rhythm of the ages,
the visions of æons to be;
Ceaseless, but restful forever—and that
is the voice of the sea!

SONGS OF THE SILENCES

THESSE are great songs that hold
the heart
Wakeful among the silences.

The song of mighty hills,
Smitten of winds, veiled in the stream-
ing mist,
Or standing, purple-clear, against the
sky;
A song archaic, which the watchful stars
Have heard and answered since crea-
tion's dawn.
And often in the night, the woodland
winds
And distant streams re-echo it.

SONGS OF THE SILENCES

The song of winds
Wakened from dreams among the but-
tercups,
Beating with rising wings the cloud-
filled sky,
And through the surging spaces of the
sea
Leaping in thunder.

Songs of the sea
That murmur round the caverns and
the crags,
Sob in the rising tide, and prattle low
Ebbing among the pebbles of the beach.
They cry strange things, and call along
the strand
Till men leave home and love to follow
them.
And some return, with vision-haunted
eyes;

SONGS OF THE SILENCES

But some the sea drags down, and over
them—

Dim, spectral, wavering—the hollow surf
Intones forever.

The song of men
In thronging cities, strong, unsatisfied,
Strident, with many discords breaking
through.

It overrides the song of hills and sea
With quicker movement and insistent
theme

Marring their melodies; yet through it all
A mighty underlying motive sweeps
By which the very discords may be merged
In harmony.

And heard afar, like some vast
symphony,
The city's song is even as the sea!



PART III

STAR-GLOW
& S O N G



VOICE OF THE RAIN

THE wind calls like a spirit—
The sea, like mystic song;
But the falling rain is like a voice
Murmuring all night long.

For the wind's way none may follow,
The sea no man may bound;
But the rain is gentle minister
Between the skies and ground.

Rising, mist-clad and silent,
From land and sea, it bears
The offering of their fragrances,
The perfume of their prayers.

VOICE OF THE RAIN

Then, with its myriad blessings
For the myriad-praying plain,
Each drop an answer to a call,
Earthward returns the rain.

The wind is like a spirit
And the sea a mystery;
But the blessed rain is a living voice
That speaks through the night to me.

THE DROWSING GODS
ASTIR

THE sun has climbed my courtyard
walls;
A glimpse of sky lifts far and free,
And through the strident city calls
Sound the low chimes of Arcady.

Now—from the roaring street upborne,
That strange, wild melody! Oh, hark!
Diana winds her hunting-horn—
Her chase, unseen, sweeps through
the park!

Again, that cry so weirdly sweet!
Some singing tramp or organ man?

THE DROWSING GODS ASTIR

Ah, no! That is his sly deceit;
He blows the very pipes of Pan!

The wild half-gods awake to-day;
A faun has tracked yon square of
green,
And in the tavern o'er the way
Old Bacchus laughs behind the screen!

SONG TO THE NIGHT

AS if one only of the thrush's notes
Should linger, though the golden
cadence die
In music faintly visible, there floats
A great star in the amber of the
sky.

Star-glow and song—they melt from
sound and sight;
The great infinity enfolds them round
In darkness yet more beautiful than
light
And silence more harmonious than
sound.

SONG TO THE NIGHT

So may we pass, in wonder and afar,
When the slow curtains of the night
are drawn,
To sleep beyond the star-dusk and the
star—
To waking that is stranger than the
dawn!

THE GOSPEL OF PAN

I SHALL be part of the flood and of
the fire—

Part of the daisied field, the basking
sun;
Sleep with the snow, wake in the
Spring's desire;
Grow in the grass, where the winds
of Summer run.

And of the prairie and the endless sea
I shall be part—part of the drifting
shower,
Sigh of the forest, burgeoning of the tree,
Song of the bird, and hush of twilight
hour.

THE GOSPEL OF PAN

I shall be in the rising of the star,
The night's great silences, the mist
and dew.

I shall be part of all glad things there
are—

Earth unto earth, life unto life anew!

RAIN IN THE HILLS

THE dawn, first gleaming ashy gold,
Has flamed into a sullen red,
And the east wind blows thin and cold.

The sun, with ragged, misty
beams

Peers from the cloud-capped moun-
tain head

Through the loud calling of the
streams.

Then the gray mist shuts down again,
Wrapping the long hills, fold on fold,

While through the woods, with
whispering tread,

Steal the first footsteps of the rain.

THE SLEEPING OF THE WIND

THE great red moon was swinging
Alow in the purple east;
The robins had ceased from singing,
The sounds of the day had ceased;
The golden sunset islands
Had faded into the sky,
When, warm from the seas of silence,
A wind of sleep came by.

It came so balmy and resting
That the tree-top breathed a kiss,
And a drowsy wood-bird, nesting,
Chirped a wee note of bliss;

THE SLEEPING OF THE WIND

It stole over silent thickets
As soft as an owl could fly,
And murmured to tiny crickets
The words of a lullaby.

Then slowly the sunset darkened;
The whispering trees were still,
And the hush of the woodland harkened
To a crying whippoorwill.
And the moon grew whiter, and by it
The shadows lay dark and deep—
But the fields were empty and quiet,
For the wind had fallen asleep.

THE SUN, THE WIND,
AND THE RAIN

THE dawn, the wind, and the sun!
Oh, the bright hours of love
When the soft wind blows the scent of
the rose,
And the brave sun shines above!

The sun, the rain, and the wind—
Ay, how the strong days go
When the great winds cry aloft in the
sky
And the rain but brings the bow!

The dusk, the mist, and the rain;
Ah, the gray twilight brief

THE SUN, WIND, AND RAIN

When the chill winds strain through the
trees in pain
And beat on the fallen leaf.

The calm, the stars, and the night.
And oh, for that journey far
When the soul shall find what there lies
behind,
And leap to the utmost star!

SPRING IN ENGLAND

THE green Spring tide has risen,
until its crest
Fragrant with cowslips, flecked with
tiny spray
Of small white daisies, laps the warm
Earth's breast
And ripples on the hedge-reefs of the
may.

Across the wood the mournful cuckoo
cries;
Across the downs, the sheep slow-
moving pass;
The skylark flutters, singing, from the
skies
To drop in sudden silence in the grass.

SPRING IN ENGLAND

I hear the robin piping in the hedge—
The murmur of the drowsy waken-
ing bee—
The song of winds, low-fluting in the
sedge,
That blends with organ pedals of the
sea.

Oh, land enriched with life-blood and
with tears
Of people after people, churl and
king!
The haunting stories of a thousand
years
Waken to fragrance in the English
Spring!

THE EAST WIND

GRAY-COWLED wind of the east!
Grimly you chant your psalter,
The sea your wild high-priest
And the seething rocks your altar
On which, in fierce confusion
While sad stars hide their eyes,
You fling your dread profusion
Of human sacrifice.

And then, by hill and prairie
As one who strives for rest,
As seeking sanctuary,
Unhailed, unloved, unblest,
You still cry on, entraining
Your clouds of spectral hosts—
Shivering and complaining,
Eerie wind of the ghosts!

COMPLETED

THE poet smote his harp, whose
cords were spun
Of threads of rain and golden webs of
sun
By summer winds entwined, and pitched
to key
With bass of ocean's deep-voiced
harmony.

And as he played, there stole across
the strings
Perfume of fields, and forest whisper-
ings

COMPLETED

And moan of mountain pines—the
sweet, low cry
That crickets make—the glow of sum-
mer sky.

And he who heard was stirred, till in
his breast
Woke springtime's rapture and its vague
unrest;
The world was young! Yet, though so
minor-sweet,
One tone yet lacked to make the chord
complete.

Then he who played it, still more closely
pressed
The vibrant harp to his own pulsing
breast

COMPLETED

Till his own heartstrings with the harp
he smote
Rang full accord, and gave the missing
note.

Then in the chords, with voice of sky
and seas
Mingled men's loves and hopes and
sympathies;
And in the hearer's heart an echo beat
Through smiles and tears—the music
was complete.

THE WIND IN THE WOODS

THE wind goes whispering through
the birchen glade
And sets a myriad dancing leaves
a-quiver;
It sings of nesting birds, of glimmering
shade,
And murmurs of a little chattering
river.
And through the song, as cool and
clear and white
As cadence of a choir of sylvan singers
Or thrushes answering in the evening
light,
Sweep eerie chords from hurrying
elfin fingers.

THE WIND IN THE WOODS

The strong wind surges through the
woods of oak

And chants the song of kings of armed
men—

The tramp of hosts, the battle-cry, the
stroke

Of steel on steel that rings and rings
again.

And all its song is like a trumpet tone—

The rumble of the driving battle-
car—

The hymn of priests before the altar
stone,

And tramp of nations going forth to
war.

But ah, the wind among the pines—the
wind

That ebbs and flows in organ
monotone—

THE WIND IN THE WOODS

Forever calls the sea it left behind,
Forever sings the great sea-song
alone!
And all its song is like the breakers'
roar,
The rush of surf across the seething
rips—
The boom of waves that beat along the
shore,
And plunge and heave of ocean-sail-
ing ships.

SPRING DAWN IN THE CITY

SOMEWHERE, far from the town,
The bluebird calls in the sky;
Through meadows warm and brown
Where the snowdrift lay so long,
The whitethroat tries his song,
And the little streams are high.

Far from the trampling street
The copses flush and glow;
The earth is newly sweet,
And the woods begin to wear
A soft, expectant air
That the Winter did not know.

Away from the jostling throng
There are little shining rills

SPRING DAWN IN THE CITY

Calling, the whole night long—
 Calling the migrant wing,
 Calling the timid Spring
 Back to the waiting hills.

And the smoke-grimed city park
 With its starveling trees and sod,
Caresses the secret mark
 That the kiss of Springtime makes;
 And the dandelion awakes
 Where her dancing feet have trod.

The roaring street rolls by;
 But above its sombre walls
Is the arch of April sky;
 And still, through the loud-voiced
 streets,
 A whispering wing-pulse beats—
Spring's migrant yearning calls!

ATTAINMENT

THE robin, in the twilight clear,
Sitteth not silent with delight
Because his song was sweet last year
Or e'en last night.

The woodland doth not linger still
Dreaming of last year's bloom; its
blood
Moves forth, with many a stir and thrill
To coming bud.

Each wakening song and glint of green
And Earth's new blossom crieth:
"See,
Life's measure is not what hath been,
But what may be!"

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STAR-GLOW
& S O N G

THE SUNDIAL

FACING the light, I point above,
and prove
There is one place no storms nor seasons
move;
So hold I steadfast, in their ordered
way,
The falling shadows of a fleeting day.



PART IV

STAR-GLOW
& *SONG*



IN AN OLD GARDEN

THE garden beds are prim and square,
Box-bordered, scenting all the air,
And fruit trees on espaliers crawl
Around the high, old-fashioned wall.

Some little mistress, long ago,
Set out each straitly ordered row;
She watched the spicy pinks unfold,
The hollyhocks and marigold,

And standing in the poppy bed
Is the old dial, where she read:
"Life is a Shadowe. Soon 'tis Night.
Looke thou to God, thy Sun of Light."

IN AN OLD GARDEN

Ah me, how many, many years
Since death dried all her mourners' tears,
And mourners' mourners, one by one,
Passed from the Shadowe to the Sun.

But here her flowers portray her yet,
Demure and sweet as mignonette,
Tripping, beneath the arch of limes,
To tend her posy beds betimes.

And where the sunlight lingers most,
Musing, I sometimes think her ghost
Breathes through the quiet paths, and
dwells
A moment by the foxglove bells.

A dainty, gentle ghost, that treads
Light as the air around the beds—
Light as the fragrant breath that blows
The falling petals of a rose.

IN AN OLD GARDEN

And when, although there is no breeze,
A little whisper fills the trees
And poppies bend their heads, and
 stir—
I think they know and welcome her.

ACROSS THE HILLS

A LITTLE valley round me lies
Circled about by silent hills;
Above it sweep the endless skies—
In Spring, it is all daffodils;
In Summer, the sweetbrier grows
For those who seek; then, wistful
days
Soften through Autumn, till the snows
Lie white on all the quiet ways.

The many, many ways that wend
Their many paths the valley through!
I cannot trace them to the end—
They stretch a little space in view

ACROSS THE HILLS

And then (ah, some are rough to tread!
But some all gently travel on
With sunlight shining overhead)
They climb the hill-crest, and are
gone.

And by these roads, day after day,
My friends and fellows, one by one
With eyes far-searching, fare away.
So shall I do as they have done—
Some day, with swift or faltering pace
And one look backward, long and
fond,
Shall climb the encircling hills, and face
The great beyond—the great beyond!

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD

“**B**UT, lord,” she said, “my shoulders
still are strong—
I have been used to bear the load so
long,

“And see, the hill is passed, and smooth
the road . . .”

“Yet,” said the Stranger, “yield me
now thy load.”

Gently he took it from her, and she
stood
Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found
maidenhood

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD

Amid long, sunlit fields; around them
sprang
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers
sang.

"My lord," she said, "the land is very
fair!"

Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so
there?"

"There?" in her eyes a wondering ques-
tion lay;

"Was I not always here, then, as
to-day?"

He turned to her with strange, deep
eyes aflame:

"Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor
my name?"

III

STAR-GLOW
& *SONG*

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD

"Nay," she replied; "but this I understand—

That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"

"Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath:

"Lord of the Land—but men have named me . . . Death."

SILENCE

HERE is the corner where he used
to sit
When the long sunlight fell; 'tis there
to-day—
But oh, the choking, heartsick void
of it!

And from the slow and empty years to
come,
Though we may call with tears, and
wait and pray,
His face is vanished, and his voice is
dumb.

SILENCE

“He lives by what he was,” you say,
“survives
In memory, influence; and reflected
thus
His life has passed into a thousand
lives . . .”

Peace! that is not the word we famish
for.
Our hearts know best how he lives
on in us—
But then—ah God! There must be
something more!

DAYBREAK

AS the faint dawn crept upward,
gray and dim,
He saw her move across the past to
him—

Her eyes as they had looked in long-
gone years,
Tender with love, and soft with thoughts
of tears.

Her hands, outstretched as if in won-
derment
Nestled in his, and rested there, con-
tent.

DAYBREAK

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "what
glad dream is this?
I feel your clasp—your long-remembered
kiss

"Touches my lips, as when you used to
creep
In to my heart; and yet, this is not
sleep—

"Is it some vision, that with night will
fly?"

"Nay, dear," she answered; "it is
really I."

"Now, little sweetheart, it is you, I
know!
But I knew not the dead could meet
us so

DAYBREAK

"Bodied as we are—see, how like we
stand!"

"Like," she replied, "in form, and face,
and hand."

Silent awhile, he held her to his
breast

As if afraid to try the further test—

Then, speaking quickly: "Must you go
away?"

"Dearest," she murmured, "neither
night nor day!"

Close on her bosom, then, she drew his
head,

Trembling. "I do not understand," he
said;

DAYBREAK

"I thought the spirit world was far
apart . . ."

"Nay!" she replied; "it is not, now,
dear heart!

"Quick! let me close your eyes with
kisses . . . so . . .

Cling to me, dear! . . . 'tis but a step
to go!"

.
The white-faced watchers rose, beside
his bed:

"Shut out the day," they signed; "our
friend is dead."

MY SOUL AND I

AS treading some long corridor,
My soul and I together go;
Each day unlocks another door
To a new room we did not know.

And every night the darkness hides
My soul from me awhile—but then
No fear nor loneliness abides;
Hand clasped in hand, we wake again.

So when my soul and I, at last,
Shall find but one dim portal more,
Shall we, remembering all the past,
Yet fear to try that other door?

THE SILENCE OF THE DARK

MY neighbor's lamp, across the way,
Throws dancing lights upon my
wall;

They come and go, in passing play,
And then the sudden shadows fall.

My friend's white soul, through eyes and
lips

Shone out on me but yesterday
In radiant warmth; now, swift eclipse
Has left those windows cold and gray.

Ah—if I could but look behind
The still, dark barrier of that night,
And there—undimmed, unwavering—find
That life and love were all alight!

UNANSWERED

WE closed her eyes, that were the
door
By which the light had fond access
To her sweet soul. Forevermore
The fair soul-house was tenantless.

We closed her eyes—but in the night
That saw her fuller life begin,
The watchers knew the clearest light,
Just dawned, was that her eyes shut in.

Oh, strangely radiant gates of Death!
Could we look past you, through her
eyes,
Should we, too, lay aside our breath
With such eternal glad surprise?

THE HIDDEN THRESHOLD

WITHIN the shadowed Under-
land

Two figures met, and for a space
Each held the other by the hand—
Each looked into the other's face.

Then he who last had entered, broke
His clasp, and stood in sudden fear,
And as he made The Sign, he spoke:
"You are my friend, who died last
year!"

"Yea, truly, I am he who died.
Why do you quail?" the other said.
"I do not know," the first replied,
"But I have always feared the dead.

THE HIDDEN THRESHOLD

"I feared their hands were cold and
thin,
Their ghosts like pallid flame would
shine;
But now, I see I erred therein—
Your body seems alike to mine."

The other heard him to the end;
Then, very pitiful, he said:
"Nay—fear the dead no more, dear
friend;
Did you not know you, too, are dead?"

THE GHOSTLY MOTHER

THROUGH the dim Court of Ghosts
there entered one
Seeking his dead—his wife and little
son.

Its gates were closed to all yet robed
with life,

But, by the yearning love he bore his
wife,

He had won grace, alone of living men,
To enter there, and bring her back again.

Close by the door, with life-remember-
ing eyes,

He saw her sit—her babe held, mother-
wise,

THE GHOSTLY MOTHER

Clasped to her breast, as if her shelter-
ing arm
Even in heaven, would ward some un-
known harm;
But in her face a glad surprise was
spread—
The eternal answer of the happy dead.

She met his eyes—then, with a cry
that rang
Beyond the bars of death, nestling she
sprang
Into his arms, and held her baby
there
Against his cheek, while all her cloudy
hair
Enveloped them. “Dear heart! and
you are come!”
She whispered, and then, trembling,
rested dumb.

THE GHOSTLY MOTHER

He drew her toward the gate of Paradise
Where stood the watcher with the
strange, sad eyes

Who, as they would have passed, put
forth his hand:

“But two may leave,” he said; “’tis
the command.

Or wife or babe—choose thou between
the twain;

One, thou mayest take; the other must
remain.”

The husband paused—then looked at
her and smiled:

“She goes with me,” he said; “keep
thou the child.”

With gentle hands he sought to loose
her hold,

But she, with frightened eyes, did close-
ly fold

THE GHOSTLY MOTHER

The baby to her bosom, crying, "Nay!
I cannot! If he stays, I too must stay!"

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "more
than sweetheart—wife!

Return with me to that dear land of
life—

Dear through thee only. See! I am
alone;

The angels all will guard our little son
Till we return—but I have only thee!"
With tear-brimmed eyes she cried:
"Then stay with me!

"I need thee so! But oh, my loved
one, now

Our little baby needs me more than thou.
Is there a voice in all the angel throng
That he would know, to sing his slum-
ber song?

THE GHOSTLY MOTHER

A breast like mine where he can lay his
head?
Would any angel smooth, as I, his bed?"

"But, sweetheart, see," he pled; "he
will not know—
He is so young; and God will watch
him grow
In heaven's long gladness, till we come
again—"

"Ah, no," she wept; "he might not
know me then.

I cannot go—no angel there above
Can love my baby with his mother's
love!

"I cannot go—but stay thou here with
me!"

The sad-eyed warder spoke: "That
may not be;

THE GHOSTLY MOTHER

He hath not passed through death.

The time is sped

That he may tarry, living, with the
dead.

Give, then, thy answer straightway, yea
or nay—

Wilt thou return with him, or wilt thou
stay?"

Closely around his neck her arms did
twine.

"Sweetheart," she sobbed, "because the
child is thine

I love him so, thus doubly loving thee.

If I could leave him, dear, I should
not be

The wife thou lovest. But all my being
cries

To be with thee, and every day, my
eyes

THE GHOSTLY MOTHER

“Will follow thee, and watch for thee.

By night

In thy great loneliness, my heart will

fight

Against itself, to leave the babe and

creep

Into thy arms, and there to fall asleep;

But ah, dear heart! the baby needs me

more—

So, hold me close. . . . Now! ere he shut

the door . . .

“Kiss me again . . . again. . . . My eyes

are dim . . .

Oh, baby—clasp me—hold me close—

for him!”

TWILIGHT

WE stood on the bridge as the
brook slipped past;
And never so rapid its leap and flow
But our hopes could distance it, far and
fast—
Ah, dear, dear heart, that was long ago!

We climbed to the hills where the
clouds sailed by;
But ever so high or swift as they fled
Our thoughts outran them to utmost
sky—
Dear heart, my heart, how the years
have sped!

TWILIGHT

The river is frozen; the clouds are still;
No water beckons nor wild wind sings.
The silence settles on stream and hill—
Our dreams and longings have furled
their wings.

They did not find it—that wonderland;
And heart of my heart, it is growing
late;
Rest here, in faith that a stronger hand
Shall bear us thither—rest here, and
wait.

SPRING AND DEATH

THE primrose and the cowslip once
again

Lie on Earth's breast, a bridal pledge
of gold;

Her love-laugh ripples low from field
and fen—

Warm, sweet, she yieldeth to the
strong Sun's hold.

Ah, fickle Earth, so eager to put on
Gay dress of bridal for another year!
Forgetful of the glad years dead and
gone—

Content, if only any Spring be here.

SPRING AND DEATH

But as for me, my Spring was one dear
voice

Filling all other song with life and
breath.

Now song and life are gone, shall I
rejoice

In Spring's cold ghost, that walketh
after death?

YOUTH AND AGE

ONLY yesterday
At each trifling sorrow,
I would fret, and say:
"Would God it were to-morrow!"

Ah, could I but borrow
The years I wished away!
Death may come to-morrow . . .
Would God 'twere yesterday!

THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR

I N the gray silence ere the day-dawn
broke
There came one softly knocking, and I
woke.

“Who art thou, and what wilt thou,
friend?” I cried.

“Wilt thou unbar to me?” a voice
replied;

“If I be warder here, well shalt thou
sleep;

No fears awaken those whose doors I
keep.

THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR

"My name is Death. . . ." "Ah no!"

I cried, "ah no!

I cannot let thee in; I pray thee,
go!

"For I am pledged to many friends
to-day—

I have no room for thee, if thou shouldst
stay."

I heard him turn, with soft receding
tread:

"So be it then; yet guard thy door,"
he said.

And then the sunrise leaped to sudden
flame

And I threw wide the door, and through
it came

THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR

A host of thronging feet, till I, op-
pressed
With care and turmoil, longed for night
and rest.

For those I looked for came not; in their
stead
Came some I did not ask, strange-eyed
and dread—

Weariness, Sorrow, Strife, and Want
and Pain.
“Now make us room,” they said, “for
we remain.”

Then, in the evening shadows, at my
door
I heard that gentle knocking sound once
more

THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR

And knew the step of Death. The door
stood wide,
And yet he entered not, but paused,
and cried:

“Are those thy friends still with thee?
Then I go . . .”
But swift I leaped and caught his
hand: “Ah no!

“Lord, bid them leave, but stay thou
with me still
And guard my door henceforward, if
thou will!”

He entered, and a sudden peace was
spread
Through all the house; and lo! those
Shapes had fled.

THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR

“Sleep, now,” he whispered; “fear not
evermore
Aught that can enter. Lo! I keep the
door.”

THE STREETS AT NIGHT

THE streets grow quiet very fast;
The windows darken, here and
there,
Till my light shines alone, at last,
To greet the moon across the square.

But some strange evening, while the
park
Is all alight, and children play,
My window will be still and dark—
Because I shall have died that day.

THE DEAD MARGUERITE

SEE, how she lies — as humbly as a
child;

My little child, whom Death hath given
back,

Brushing away the years of womanhood
And bringing to her face the baby look
That overflowed my heart with wordless
tears

As I would watch beside her cradle-bed.

One night—dear God! it seems but
yesternight!

I mind I sat beside her even thus,
Grieving that I had somewhat sternly
chid

THE DEAD MARGUERITE

A baby disobedience of the day.
She was asleep, but yet the mark of
tears
Was on her face, and just around her
lips
Now and again a little quiver came,
Even as she slept, and half-remembered
sobs
Caught in her breath—for so she fell
asleep,
Lonely and crying, feeling unforgiven.
And oh! with what a choking pain of
love
I wakened her, with kisses and with
clasp
So hot and strained I thought they must
have hurt—
But she, all happy, nestled to my cheek
And sighed contentedly, and slept
again.

THE DEAD MARGUERITE

But now—ah God! she lies once more
asleep—

Asleep so fast I may not call her back
To say she is forgiven; for she has
sinned—

So the world says—and gone with all
her sin,

The pain of it, the sobs, the tears, the
stain,

Marring her face; and in her heart the
pain

Of being unforgiven before she died.

A child, great God, an erring little child!
See! Is Thy heart less pitiful than
mine

That thou canst steel it to a sobbing
child?

Think, Lord, how hard for human flesh
and blood

THE DEAD MARGUERITE

To keep Thy laws, so high, so far, so
pure!

So hard—so very hard! For she was
fair;

Thou gav'st her beauty—more than
many have—

And with it life, and strong desire of love,
A heart too swift to see what way it
leaped.

Ah God! can human bodies, hot with
life,

Ne'er melt the icy barrier of the law
And be forgiven? 'Twas not her soul
that sinned—

'Twas but the flesh that she hath left
behind.

What—send her living soul to endless
Hell

For weakness of the flesh that lives a
day?

THE DEAD MARGUERITE

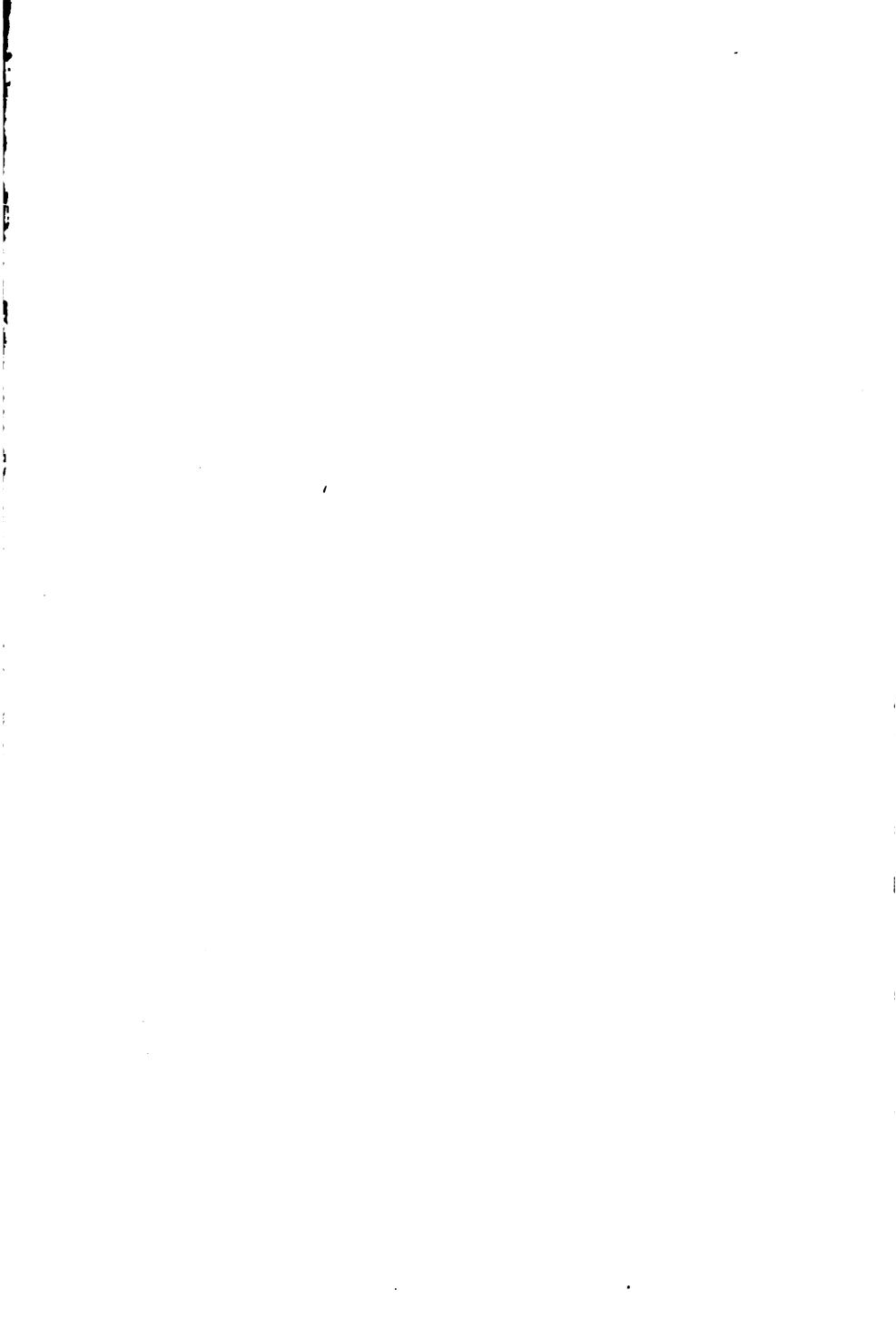
The small commands I laid upon the
child
Were light to mind—but I forgave her,
Lord,
For every fault. And now wilt Thou
condemn
Because she broke a law so hard to
keep?
See, Lord—one night was more than I
could bear
To have my baby banished to the dark
In unforgiveness. Is Thy mercy less,
Thy love content, with her in endless
night?
Ah, look, dear God! her face is marred
with tears,
And with forgiveness she would turn to
Thee
And smile, and nestle gladly in Thy
arms!

THE DEAD MARGUERITE

I cannot bear it, but will strive with
Thee
As Jacob did, until Thou stoop and
bless.
And if Thou wilt not, ere the morning
break,
Then human love will challenge the
divine;
And in the darkness, wheresoe'er she
wake,
There will I be, and clasp her hand in
mine!

PART V

STAR-GLOW
& S O N G



TO ARCADY

*A*CROSS the hills of Arcady
Into the Land of Song—
Ah, dear, if you will go with me
The way will not be long.

*It does not lie through solitudes
Of wind-blown woods or sea;
Dear, no! The city's weariest moods
May scarce veil Arcady.*

*'Tis in no unfamiliar land
Lit by some distant star;
See! Arcady is where you stand,
And song is where you are.*

TO ARCADY

*Then go but hand in hand with me—
No road can lead us wrong;
Here are the hills of Arcady—
This is the Land of Song.*

TELLING HER

WHEN the hedge blows,
Sparrow and linnnet
Through the green cover
Warble: "Begin it—
Tell her (oh, haste to her!) tell her
you love her!
Tell her this minute!"

When the leaf glows
And the haws soften,
Robins call gayly:
"Tell it her often!
Tell her (oh, stand by her!) tell it
her daily,
Over and often!"

TELLING HER

Then, when it snows,
Wrens, growing bolder,
Urge it: "Caress her—
Hold her, man, hold her!
Tell her (oh, cling to her!) tell her
—God bless her!
Love grows no colder!"

MY WISH

NOT the rush and the tread
Of crowds in the city street,
But dusk in the still trees overhead
And the soft ferns under feet.

Not the roar of the throng
Where the shining windows gleam,
But a hermit-thrush in his evensong,
And a murmuring valley stream.

Not the dust and the cry
Of the hot streets walled with stone,
But white hill-mists, and the quiet sky
Where the wide, bright stars are
strown!

NOCTURNE

THE moonlight is flooding the lake,
The hemlocks are heavy with
sleep,
But the winds and the stars are
awake—

Winds that are soft as the night;
They brood on the water, and creep
In wandering shimmers of light.

Now all the dark forest is still
Save the dew on the leaves, dropping
slow,
And the cry of a far whippoorwill.

NOCTURNE

A bird, winging south, twitters low,
Unseen in the wonderful sky
Where the little winds, hesitant, go.

Then the ripples die out in the sedge;
The moon swings alone in the lake,
And the hemlocks sleep on by its edge.

SUMMER SERENADE

THE winds of the south
All fragrant with blossom,
Shall fly to your mouth
And steal to your bosom;
The day-songs of meadows
Around you shall leap,
And melt in cool shadows
To soothe you to sleep.

No song of the grove,
No birdling at nest,
So sweet as your love,
So soft as your breast.

SUMMER SERENADE

No night-moth that flies,
No honey it sips,
So soft as your eyes,
So sweet as your lips.

The winds of the west,
The stars without number,
Shall soothe you to rest
And lull you to slumber.
The sunshine around you,
The summer above you
With gladness surround you—
Dear heart! how I love you!

HEARTS' SEASONS

WHEN the earth was flushed and
the trees were young
And the bluebird called from an
April sky,
Beyond where the moon's slim cradle
hung
Life's long, long vistas before us hung
Half veiled in tears, though we knew
not why;
For hearts were yearning, but on the
tongue
The slow words trembled, and lips
were shy.

When the earth was green and the trees
were strong
And the river sang to the warm, white
sun,

HEARTS' SEASONS

The hours were blithe and the days were
long,

For life was working, and work was
song—

No wailing minor of things un-
done

And no black discord of things gone
wrong;

Life's sands were many, and slow to
run.

When the earth is bleak and the trees
are pale

And the east wind cries through the
falling rain,

Draw close, dear heart, from the rising
gale;

We'll measure bravely our meagre tale
Of wide, poor stubble and scanty
grain—

HEARTS' SEASONS

But, dear, we have tried; if the harvest
fail

The Lord of the Harvest will count
our pain.

When the trees are gray and the earth
is white

And the north wind sings in the
chimney stone,

Then hand in hand we will wait the
night—

With quiet hearts, we will say good-
night;

Dear heart, was not all the year our
own?

There is no darkness love cannot light—

We'll face, together, the great Un-
known!

MY LADY OF TO-DAY

I MAY not ride with helm and shield
And coat of steel and gold
To joust for her in tilt or field
Or fight with dragons old.

I may not save my lady fair
From ogres fierce and gray—
There are no giants anywhere
Nor dragons left to-day.

I may not wear her little glove
Upon my helmet high—
But I can fold her round with love,
And love her till I die!

A HIGHER TEACHING

I USED to watch her girlish head
Bent over work; the sunlight stole
To touch her wayward hair, and spread
A soft encircling aureole.

She looked so slight, so innocent!
I thought, at twenty-one or so,
With all-sufficient self-content,
I knew so much she did not know.

For men grow old in knowing, taught
By evil things, as well as good;
My life was in the world, I thought,
And hers in gentle solitude.

A HIGHER TEACHING

But now, at twenty-four, there lies
Such wisdom, won of joy and pain,
Deep shining in her quiet eyes
As I may nevermore attain.

I might not learn it if I would,
This strange, sweet thing she under-
stands;
It came to her with motherhood
And tiny touch of baby hands.

THE MARCH OF MEN

IF you could cast away the pain,
The sorrows and the tears,
And let the joys alone remain
From all departed years;
If you could quite forget the sighs
And recollect the song—
What think you: would you be as wise,
As helpful, or as strong?

If you could lay the burden down
That bows your head at whiles,
Shun everything that wears a frown,
And live a life of smiles—
Be happy as a child again,
As free from thoughts of care—
Would you appear to other men
More noble or more fair?

THE MARCH OF MEN

Ah no! a man should do his part
And carry all his load,
Rejoiced to share with every heart
The roughness of the road.
Not given to thinking overmuch
Of pains and griefs behind,
But glad to be in fullest touch
With all his human-kind.

THE HAPPY DARK

WHEN the happy darkness creeps
From the east, across the hill,
Every little birdling sleeps,
Every butterfly is still;
Every little clover head
Folds its leaves and nods in bed,
While the starlight overhead
Through the happy darkness,
keeps
Watch o'er every bird that sleeps.

Now, my little baby, hark!
Hear the tiny crickets' song;
Through the warm and happy dark
They are crooning all night long.

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THE HAPPY DARK

Happy, quiet dark, that brings
Rest and nest to weary wings,
Rest to all the woodland things—
To my little baby, rest,
Lulled to sleep on mother's
breast.

Oh, the happy, quiet dark,
Bringing rest from song and play,
Till the morning wakes the lark
Joyous for another day!
Happy dark, that brooding lies
Warm and soft on fields and skies,
While the frogs sing lullabies—
Happy, quiet dark, that keeps
All things still while baby sleeps.

GARDEN OF THE ROSE

HER heart is like a garden fair
Where many pleasant blossoms
grow;

But though I sometimes enter there,
There is one path I do not know.

The way I go to find it lies
Through dewy beds of violet;
Those are the portals of her eyes,
Where modesty and truth are set.

And just behind, a hedge is placed—
A hedge of lilies, tall and white.
Those are her maiden thoughts, so chaste
I almost tremble in their sight.

GARDEN OF THE ROSE

But shining through them, and above—
Half-hid, but trembling to unfold—
I spy the roses of her love,
And then again I grow more bold.

So, half in prayer, I seek and wait
To find the secret path that goes
Up from the lily-guarded gate
To her heart's garden of the rose.

THE WILD ROSE

SUMMER has crossed the fields, and
where she trod
Violets bloom; the dancing wind-flowers
nod,
And daisies blossom all across the sod.

She passed the brook, and in their glad
surprise
The first forget-me-nots smiled at the
skies
And caught the very color of her eyes.

But, sleeping in the meadow-land, she
pressed
The dear wild rose so closely to her breast
It stole her heart—and so she loves it best.

A SERENADE

THE wind across the meadow plumes
Has danced the whole day through,
And now, the honeysuckle blooms
Breathe perfume to the dew.

Oh, love, that cried at morn, "Too
soon!"

Dear love, that cried "Not yet!" at
noon,

Sweet love, is eve more opportune
For me to plead to you?

The moth that fled from morning light
Now seeks the honey scent;
The moth that day could only fright
At dusk grows confident.

A SERENADE

And like the honeysuckle vine,
I'd give you every sweet of mine,
While just a look from you, or sign,
 Would make me so content!

Dear heart, my love is not a fire
 To scorch you at its light;
It steals to you as flowers respire
 Their fragrance in the night.
So, sweetheart, as the night-moth sips
Taste it but once; with eyes, or lips,
Or just one touch of finger-tips
 Make mine a glad good-night.

IF I WERE A FAIRY

I'D love to sit on a clover-top
 And sway,
And swing and shake, till the dew
 would drop
 In spray;
 To croon a song for the bumble-bee
 To leave his golden honey with me,
And sway and swing, till the wind
 would stop
 To play.

I'd weave a hammock of spider-thread
 Loose-hung,
Where grasses nodded above my head
 And swung.

IF I WERE A FAIRY

And all day long, while the hammock
swayed
I'd twine and tangle the sun and
shade,
Till the crickets' song, "It is time for
bed!"
Was sung.

Then wrapped in a wee gold sunset cloud
I'd lie,
While night winds sang to the stars
that crowd
The sky.

And all night long, I would swing and
sleep
While fireflies lighted their lamps to
peep—
"Oh, hush!" they'd whisper, if frogs
sang loud—
"Oh hush-a-by!"

THE HEART OF A GIRL

DEAR little garden, where each
flower is fragrant—

Happy with sun, embowered in the
rose—

My thoughts, like homing winds no
longer vagrant,

Sigh with content and nestle to repose.

Dear little garden, where all birds are
singing,

Each hour is morn, and every season
best,

My hopes, long winter migrant, south-
ward winging,

Find here their harbor — sun, and
song, and nest!

ONE DAY

TO think that to the world this
night may seem

Only the hours from sunset time to
sleep—

This night, when love made real my
dearest dream

And gave it me to keep!

That others have not known this strange
white day

But let it pass like any other one,
While love-led, hand in hand, we found
the way

Into the Land of Sun!

ONE DAY

Oh, heart, dear heart, they have not
seen nor known;

But evermore this one day stands
apart

Glad, rare, and radiant—this one day
alone

Deep shining in my heart!

LOVE AND TEARS

SWEETHEART, 'twas sunshine,
'twas Summer—'twas June!
The meadows were romping, the sky
was at noon,
And we were two children together
below it.
Ah, dear! could we ever be gladder and
know it?

Then, dearest, came days when the
Summer was dead;
The gaunt woodland cried to the gray
overhead;
And who could have known, in young
Maytime of weather,
Love's tenderest depth lies in mourning
together?

RAIN AND SUN

YESTERDAY it was raining—
The skies seemed dull and low,
And the east wind all complaining—
But then I did not know!

To-day, the soft rains patter,
The dear winds sing and blow;
No storm can ever matter—
For now, dear heart, I know!

ROMANCE

THE moonlight is a silver sea
Where shadow-ships at anchor
ride,

And on the wind there seems to be
A rhythmic murmur, far and wide,
As if the heaving Ocean still
Raised toward his white love in the
sky

A following tide of dreams, that fill
The slumbering forest with their sigh.

All quiet lie the shadow-ships
Athwart the silver sea of night;
Its waveless flood around them slips,
A star their only riding light.

ROMANCE

As if, where all alone she rides,
The Moon recalled her love, the Sea;
And all her dreams are silver tides
Mysterious with his melody.

A PRELUDE

MY heart is but a voiceless thing—
I cannot sing as skylarks do;
So sparrow songs are all I bring
To chirrup them to you.

Yet, sweetheart, solace you in this:
These skylarks are too prone to roam,
While, sparrowlike, I find my bliss
And sing of it, at home.

REAWAKENING

DEAR heart, I thought that winter-
time had come—

That all the days henceforward should
be gray;

That all the flowers were gone, the
thrushes dumb—

That spring and song were dead with
yesterday.

But then—you came! and sudden, warm
and strong,

The tide of springtime rose, and bird
and bud

Throbbled with new life, and waves of
scent and song

Flooded my heart and mingled with
my blood.

REAWAKENING

Oh, glad, full life, that thus awakes
anew!

Oh, strong, rich joy, with which my
pulses beat!

To find the winter gone—to find, in you,
Life's long, dear summer, since you
love me, Sweet!

YOU AND I

IF you had not been here
Or I had not chanced by—
Oh, let's not think of that, my dear,
And let's not even try;

For Spring fills all the year
And Love lights all the sky,
Since you—thank God!—are you, my
dear,
And here, thank God! am I!

THE PLAIN SONGS

THE grand songs, the high songs,
They sound through all the land;
Yet few there be can sing them well,
And few can understand.
But ah! the little homely songs
Crooned about house and byre,
They soothe the goodwife's cradle watch,
The goodman 'fore the fire.

The high songs, the grand songs,
They are the nation's pride,
And lords and scholars praise them well;
But down the countryside,
Sing us the little, homely songs
Warm from the heart of life
That make the lover kiss his lass,
The goodman love his wife!

WHEN ALL THE WORK
IS DONE

WHEN all the docket's clear,
And all the work is done,
We shall sit down at last, my dear,
To rest us in the sun.

But when the race is run,
The part is all played through—
We'll feel, no doubt, our rest well won;
But then—what shall we *do*?

THE WITCHING OF SUMMER

SUMMER came lingering north;
She passed through the valley,
I wist,
For the hillsides all put forth
And pilfered her veil of mist.
She danced through the meadows, fleet,
And the buttercups, brazen-bold,
Stole from her rosy feet
The little sandals of gold.

She slept in the upland field
And the daisies plotted, I trow,
To hold her till she should yield
Her gold-starred kirtle of snow.

THE WITCHING OF SUMMER

And after she fled to the wood
The oak and the ash were seen
Flaunting, in hardihood,
Her flowing mantle of green.

But woe to those rogues, enriched
By thievery! Sooth to tell,
The garments were all bewitched
With charms that they could not
spell.

She gave them the end of their tether—
Then vanished away in the air
And left them all naked together,
Shivering, gaunt, and bare!

A SLEEPY SONG

THE butterfly swings on the flower
asleep

And the little bird sleeps in the tree;
And down where the burrow is quiet
and deep,

The little gray rabbits all cuddle
a-heap—

So my baby must nestle to me,
By-low!

Nestle so closely to me.

The butterfly danced in the fields all
day

And the birdie sang blithe on the
bough;

A SLEEPY SONG

And the little gray rabbits, they scam-
pered in play—

But now they're in slumberland, all
tucked away,

For this is the sleepy time now—

By-low!

Sleepy time, sleepy time now!

THREE ROSE SONGS

I

THE CLIMBING ROSE

FLOWER of the rose-tree, bud of
the rose,

Heart of the rose where the dewdrop
hides,

Speak to my love, ere her eyelids
close—

Tell her my love like the rose-tree grows,
Climbs to her window and there
abides.

Breath of the rose-tree, scent of the
rose,

Soul of the rose by the sun caressed—

THREE ROSE SONGS

Steal to her, breathe to her—soft dis-
close
Dreams of my heart that would find
repose
Deep in her bosom whereon you rest.

II

THE MEADOW ROSE

Dainty petals of rose,
Flushed to your fragrant tips,
My love with your perfume goes
To her hair, her eyes, her lips.

Rose of the swaying brier
Held in her rosy hands,
Whisper my heart's desire
Till my dear love understands.

THREE ROSE SONGS

June, and the song of birds—
Roses faint on the lea—
And oh, the joy of the words
My dear love answers me!

III

THE BRIDE ROSE

White rose of bridal, dainty as my
dear,
Pure as her thoughts, and as her body
tender,
When she shall clasp you, when she
holds you near,
Whisper my love that there is naught
of fear,
Naught of regret, in love's complete
surrender.

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THREE ROSE SONGS

White is her heart's dear haven, and
thou, sweet rose,

Resting so near, so white, shall be its
warder.

Close thou the way to all that could
affright—

Open the door to love alone this night—

And unto me, for love and I will
guard her!

GLADNESS

A WARMTH of gold, all summer
stored,

The golden-rod gives up;
And filled from springtime's scantier
hoard

Shines the bright buttercup;
And from the singing of the breeze
And low, sweet sound of rain,
The little brook learns melodies
And sings them back again.

Forgotten all the cloudy sky
Of dark days overcast—
For flower hearts let gloom go by,
But hold the sunshine fast.

GLADNESS

And all year long, the little burn,
Though wintry boughs be wet,
Picks out the happy days to learn—
The sad days, to forget.

Then sing, my heart, the gladdest
strain

From glad remembered years,
But made more full by outlived pain
And peace that follows tears.
Sing on, my heart, as woodbirds sing
Remembering sunshine best—
And, singing so, grow strong; and bring
To hearts that listen, rest.

A MADRIGAL

WAKE! for the lark has flown
Straight to the blue;
Sparkles of sun are thrown
Back by the dew.
Come, while the fields are yet
Fragrant with violet—
Love, by my castanet,
Carols to you.

But when the night bird sings
Out of the dusk,
When each wind, whispering, brings
Odors of musk—

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A MADRIGAL

Then in impassioned tone
Speak to me, oh my own!
Love finds full voice alone
Deep in the dusk!

POET AND KING

OUT of a desolate night
Into the pride of the court
Flooded with color and light,
A wandering singer was brought.

And there, at the foot of the throne—
A weary and pitiful thing
That begged for a crust or a bone—
He sang at the nod of the King.

The King and his courtiers are gone;
Clean gone out of mind is their
fame;
The fields where their glory was won
Are only a date and a name.

POET AND KING

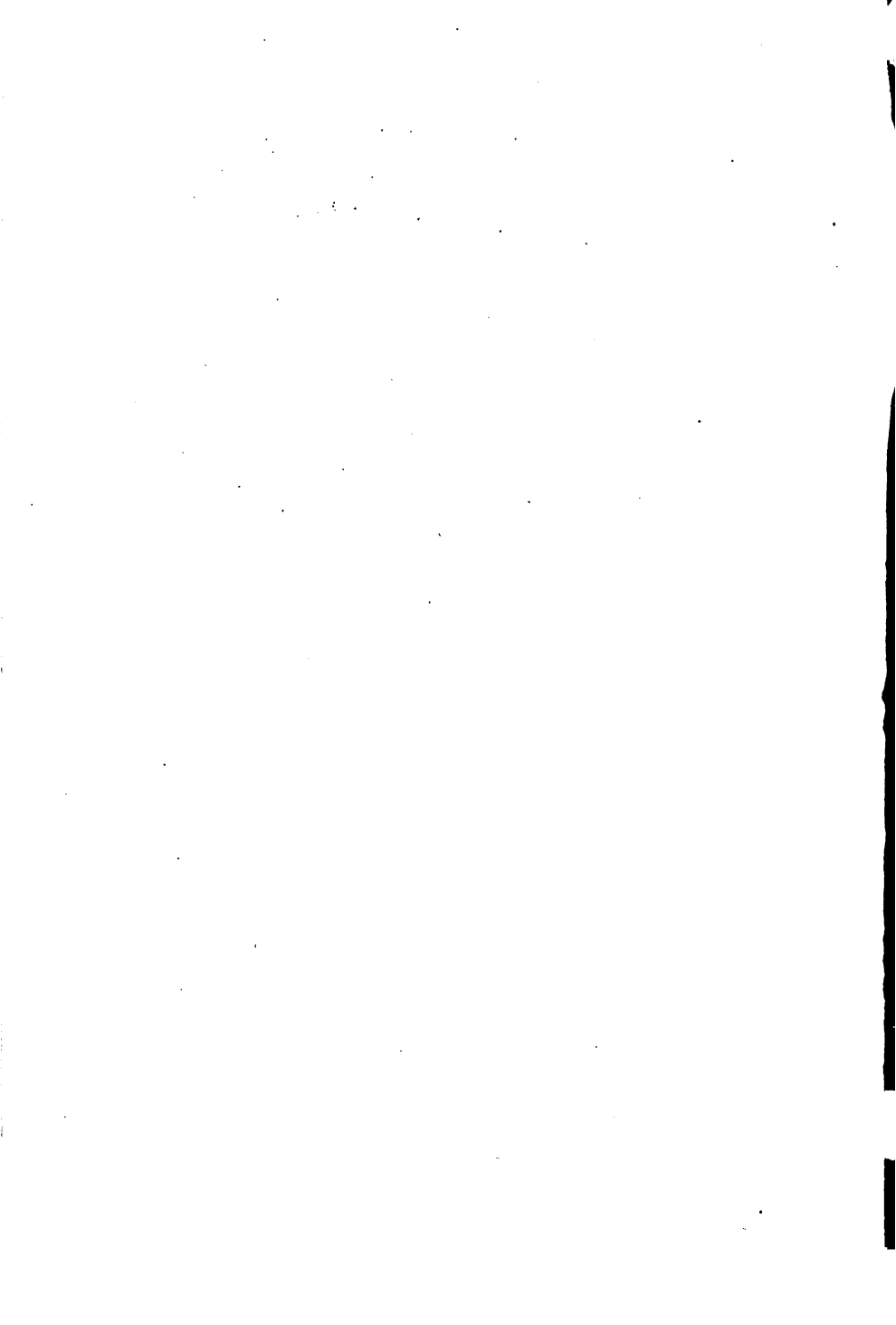
The singer, alone of the throng
Lives on through the death of the
years—
For men still remember his song
And sing it, with love and with tears.

L'ENVOI

*SEE, dear—all day, along the street
And down the dry, hard-beaten road
We keep the treadmill pace of feet
That drive the task or bear the load.*

*But here's no chart of routes of trade,
Of ton-miles, foot-pounds, rates percent.
These are but byways, where we've made
Field-holiday, and been content*

*To wander in a wider space
On pathways leading through the bars—
To meet the free wind, face to face—
And overhead, to see the stars!*



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